E 458
.3
.B44
Copy 2

E458
.3
.B44
copy 2

Published by ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH, 683 Broadway, corner of Amity Street, New-York.

THE WAR TO END ONLY WHEN THE REBELLION CEASES.

BY HENRY W. BELLOWS, D.D.

"Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord: shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this? A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land. The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means. And my people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the end thereof?"—Jeremiah 5: 29, 30, 31.

The Head of our Nation, by solemn proclamation, summons this whole people together to-day, to confess its sins, and to implore the mercy of God upon our torn and distracted country. It is, indeed, a fitting service! Pray God it may be performed in a sincere and thoughtful spirit! Every nation has abundant cause to confess its sins; for what people ever yet walked humbly and consistently in the way of God's commandments? Our own country, blessed with such an origin and such a heritage, has peculiar reasons for acknowledging its unfaithfulness; special occasion for humbling itself beneath the chastenings of the Almighty. For we have grievously sinned against light, liberty, and love. With more blessings, material, moral, and spiritual, than ever fell to any nation; a fresh and unpolluted soil; an isolation from the old world, with its rooted errors and transmitted wrongs; a government based upon impartial respect for human rights; a wide-spread system of popular education, and a free press; perfect toleration in matters of faith, with a universal reverence and support for religious institutions — what excuse is there for our not being a wise, a justice-loving, a temperate, a moral, and a God-fearing people? With tyrants or sensualists for their monarchs; a proud and pampered aristocracy oppressing the middle or the poorer classes; without representation in the government; robbed of schools; penned up in com-

pulsory churches; soured by want; degraded by excessive toil; maddened by injustice; with doubts or defiance toward a God, whose priestly representatives so unworthily reveal Him — what wonder if coarse appetites, if violent crimes, if low morals and infidel thoughts mark the populations of many European kingdoms? It is very little to our credit that we surpass the very best of foreign nations in morals and piety. We might as well boast of the larger products of our fat Western soil! The question for us is — and God is putting it now with fearful distinctness — are we in any fair degree equal in our morals and piety, as a people, to our talents, opportunities, and privileges? If we are not, we are sure to suffer by laws as inexorable as those that govern the stars in their courses. Privileges of all kinds involve relative responsibilities. Light must illumine or blind; liberty turn to law or license; knowledge expand or puff up; wealth refine or soften and betray. Religion, if it does not make saints, makes hypocrites or atheists! This American people must either be the best or the guiltiest people on God's earth. There is no middle place for it. Its gifts, endowments, historic and physical position, political, economical, educational, and religious circumstances and opportunities are, in character and sum, so vast, peculiar, emphatic, and providential, that they must either prove a mighty pedestal, lifting America to an unparalleled glory, or a stone of wrath, falling upon our heads and grinding us to powder.

There can be no doubt that for five and twenty years past, to say the least, the American people have been making greater progress in every thing else rather than in morals and piety. They have advanced immensely in area, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, wealth, and power! The triumphs of their ships and their iron-roads, their canals and their intercommunications of all kind; the discovery of the mines of California; the invention of telegraphy; the vast growth of the planting interest — these have been kept full pace with by their improved systems of popular education; their rapid advances in the arts and sciences; in the application of machinery to tillage; in the extraordinary improvement in the character, style, and comfort of dwellings, the architecture of public buildings, and the decoration of cities. Church-building itself, within that period, has made a notable improvement. Meanwhile, the popularization of music, of painting and sculpture, of photographic art, of landscape gardening, and rural cemeteries and public parks, has thrown a cultivated and refined air about our civilization, which has been similarly marked in costume and domestic elegance. I am inclined to think, too, that decency and deco-

rum of manners have advanced; that we have acquired more self-control by a greater familiarity with the temptations which, in our first taste of them, overthrew so many; that with a larger general use of wealth, there is — always excepting the newly rich, who adopt a barbaric magnificence and profuseness — a more moderate and prudent use of money; that with a freer and more general use of stimulants, there is less intemperance; and, in short, that with not more principle or piety, there is more good taste, decency and decorum. Among the most pleasant of these indications is the fact that young men, born to easy circumstances, are no longer, what for a generation or two they were, almost as a rule, the necessary victims of their position. They have learned how to enjoy life, without throwing themselves away! There is a far happier and safer relation between children and parents, more mutual confidence and companionship, and far less peril and less actual ruin from dissipation than ten, and especially than five and twenty, years back. In all these respects, there has been progress.

It seems to me, however, that in respect of absolute morals and piety, we have not been making a corresponding progress; nay, that in very important particulars, we have degenerated, and sufficiently to deserve and to receive the solemn warning and chastening of divine Providence.

The last five and twenty years have been eminently an era of externality, of material development, of outside show and polish. Morals, religion, art, trade, commerce have accommodated themselves to what was expedient, practicable, acceptable, easy, and pleasant. It has been a period of universal compromises and concessions. Every body has been trying to make money; and other things, by general consent, have been accommodated to the money-makers. Religious sects have cut off their corners and become as smooth to each other as stones in the same brook. Political parties have seldom kept their own principles long enough to have any serious and valuable result from their conflict. Manners have grown easy and insincere; education general, ornamental, and superficial. There is little study, little substantial reading, little original scientific discovery; there is almost no earnest and original poetry. When, nearly a quarter of a century ago, I came to New-York, there was a small school of serious, earnest, and high-aiming artists here. We have twenty times their number now, and a hundred times the patronage for art, but certainly no more of the school I name, and, I think, not so many. Literary and thoughtful society is equally in a state of decay. Even those nurseries of original

thought and refined taste — the college societies — where, thirty years ago, noble young men plumed their wings, made their *débùts* as statesmen, as debaters, as poets, and historians, have declined, until elegant scholarship, literary ambition, and poetical aspiration have become almost unknown. A college-student prides himself much more on rowing, gymnastics, and pugilism, than on classical or mathematical learning, least of all on literary tastes, which, if he has them, he keeps them to himself.

While external accomplishments and outward ease and polish have thus taken characteristic possession of colleges and, I fear, of young ladies' schools, a corresponding degree of attention to the outside has weakened religion. We have beautiful churches, but where are the saints? We have eloquent and practical sermons, but where the sound, penetrative, and soul-piercing doctrines; where the earnest and devout lives; where the unworldly and holy disciples? I suspect a large part of the toleration of our day rightly named would be called religious indifference; a large part of the alleged improvement in dogma, theological ignorance and apathy. Religion has degenerated into an ethical system; it devotes itself to trimming the lawn, instead of ploughing up and planting the field. It is polite, civil, gentle, elegant, smooth, popular; when it ought to be stern, stout, aggressive, commanding, solemn, and uncompromising. As a consequence, it has *no* enemies, but also few devoted friends. There is nothing to provoke either attack or unbelief in so negative a thing, and accordingly angry skepticism and passionate denial are both passed by. No longer do young men of burning hearts find themselves called to the ministry of such a mediocre piety; and all the elegance of churches, and all the liberality of parishes, can not attract the best gifts to the service of the altar. Only divine love, only Christ-like faith ever drew a true minister into the profession we still call sacred!

And when education, literature, poetry, art, religion, have all been externalized and smoothed away into decency, what must it be with politics, which is the name for the religious, the moral, the public life of the Nation? Of course, either as effect or as cause, it will lose earnestness and dignity, and be deserted of good and great men, either because there *are* none such, or they will not enter into so low and corrupt a life. Certainly, the devotion to money-making, the superficial spread and scattering of our people to which it has led; the sudden occupancy of the West and the Pacific coast, have diluted the political quality of the Nation. The scattered embers, on fire from a common flame when they lay together, have gone out in their too sud-

den dispersion. A good man, going from a good community, is not the same man without that community. Men uniformly degenerate without the support of their peers. The public virtue was not strong enough to bear such a territorial stretch. It was not deep enough to spread over so wide a surface. The representative system, covering the sparse and backward counties in States, and the thinly-settled and distant States in the Federal system, has gradually swamped the elevation, culture, and earnestness of the more moral and religious portions of the State or country, in an average tone of vulgar mediocrity, and this has not merely outbalanced what is best, but gradually corrupted it and converted it to itself. The vast size of our country, its scattered population, and the relative small ratio of the highly educated, moralized, and religious portion to the rest is, perhaps, enough, under our representative system, to account for the great degeneracy in our political leaders and our political life, without any other consideration. Our best men have refused to solicit political station, or to accept it. Our legislatures have become frequently the scenes of bribery and corruption. Our city councils sanedrims where grammar, decency, and truth are crucified. Our Congress too often a mere arena of half-educated partisans, striving for sectional, local, and personal advantages. We have lifted available candidates to Senatorships, and even made Cabinet officers and Presidents of men who could steal the public property and dally with traitors and rebels. Our corner-groceries and liquor-stalls govern our city elections.

Now, the worst of low-toned political leaders and low-minded or corrupt political bodies is, that they insensibly corrupt the press, and the literature, and the pulpit of a nation. The very mind and conscience of a people become gradually defiled and seared by the continued exhibition of shameless morals, and low thoughts, and corrupt men and measures in high places. An illiterate and corrupt common council lowers not only the whole domestic and foreign reputation of a city and country, but it weakens the conscience and defiles the mind of every citizen of the whole nation. The same may be said of every weak or willful President, Secretary, Governor, or other high representative functionary. Nations are not responsible for weak or corrupt *hereditary* monarchs, or born ruling classes. But *we* are parties to our own shame, and we sink to the level of those we elect to govern us. I believe that the politics and the politicians of the last quarter of a century have seriously impaired the people's faith in free institutions, have degraded the conception of what constitutes greatness and goodness, and corrupted very perilously the National tone and life.

Besides the opportunity of material advancement, which has filled our people with a general proclivity to money-making, besides the scattering of our population, which has superficialized the depth of our tone and culture, and broken the lines of moral tradition, there has been one other general cause of demoralization and degeneracy acknowledged by most, but the subtlety and universality of which few of us have duly measured. I mean the institution of Slavery, with all that its existence and maintenance have involved us in.

The constitutional necessity under which we have lived, of accommodating our political views and action to the protection of an institution which, in proportion to our intelligence, moral development, and spiritual insight, we have felt to be bad and inhuman, wrong and sinful, has slowly but surely vitiated and poisoned the mind and conscience of our people. What the effect of Slavery has been in the South, upon the intellectual and moral life of the people, the present war has more fully revealed. We knew before, that neither art, poetry, nor literature could flourish in its baleful shadow; that political *finesse* and a long-headed policy, absolutely required to secure any position for States cursed with such a disabling yet darling peculiarity, was the only form of talent sure to grow there. We did not know what a besotted pride, what desperate recklessness, what brutal violence, what tyranny of a few over the many, marked a slaveholding population! We could not have believed that, in the nineteenth century, any population existed in the world over which an enlightened self-interest had so little influence, any in which passion, fury, and pride in a degrading peculiarity, could hurry the whole people into a reckless self-destruction. But we have lived to see Slavery setting fire to its own prison-house, and contending for the right to destroy itself, as, before now, nations have only contended for liberty, and life, and honor. We have seen the same men that were for so many years the terror and the pest of our Congress, through their violence of temper, and readiness to substitute the pistol and the bludgeon for the legitimate weapons of debate, overawing their own communities by their ferocious wills, and leading a blind and ignorant people to national ruin, in vindication of their own personal threats and revengeful passions. I do not believe that out of American Indian records, a more savage immolation of all the rights, possessions, and future of a people was ever before made by a conspiracy of political leaders for their own personal and private gratification. The success of the rebels has been, and continues to be, only a success in the ruin of every thing Southern. They succeed in bringing more and more fuel to their own

pyre! And the foreign aristocracies look on in admiration at the chivalry, the courage, the devotion of a people, which, without any real and noble object, without any of the universal aims or purposes that have justified revolutions, or which history can approve or admire, is yet capable of desolating its territory, burning its cities, sacrificing its population, ruining itself, sooner than abandon willfulness, caprice, and pride, and submit to its own national laws! The success of the South has not been in the least success in its object, but only success in holding out beyond all expectation and with a stubbornness truly wonderful, against those who possess the absolute power of compelling their ultimate submission. Their success, the longer it continues, is only their more complete ruin. The longer they hold out, the more is their territory devastated, their cities bombarded, their slaves scattered, and inoculated with insubordination to their masters, their population starved and destroyed. And the resolution to endure this, the recklessness to look it in the face, as their rulers must, and still continue to delude with false hopes or to inflame the whole population to perish in inflicting the most serious injuries in their power on this Government and Nation—willing themselves to perish, if only they may have the joy of destroying the government their fathers and ours together framed, — this is the noble Indian-chief heroism and patriotism, which England and France admire in the Southern leaders. And it is Slavery which has bred and nourished the passions and the suicidal recklessness which culminate in this national self-immolation! You recollect the difficulty with which the English government controlled the horrible suttees and suicides of Hindoo widows on the funeral pyre of their husbands! This is what our truly paternal Government was, for the first year of the war, chiefly solicitous to do with the superstitious madness that had seized the Southern States — to prevent them from self-slaughter, to keep them from making it necessary for the whole power of the North to rise, as upon a set of maniacs careless of their own lives and fortunes, if only they might perish in the general flame that consumed their Nation. The Government could not believe this madness real; it thought it feigned. The people of the North, accustomed to the sway of reason and the control of self-interest, could not believe that any people could be so insane and passionate, so blinded with vindictive pride and sectional fury, as to invoke their own utter ruin, in seeking theirs. And so they temporized and played with the rebellion. And the Government dallied and doubted, and the generals coquetted and postponed battle, and averted decisive conflicts — all in the honest hope, and, as I now believe, in

the providentially-guided policy of an expected return on the part of the foe to reason and loyalty. "There must be millions of loyal people in the South," we said. "The sensible portion of the people there will rise upon their own politicians soon. The moment the masses see whither this thing is tending, they will revolt."

But in all this we reasoned as about a free people, a people who had been, as we fancied, sharing our own educational and moral blessings. We talked of the Southern masses, as if they had been Northern masses; and with the Slave-mind as if it had been the American mind. We did not know, we could not know, what Slavery, successful, triumphant, rich, the political ruler of this Nation for a half-century, had become! We had no conception of the fury of its pride, of its accumulated contempt and hatred for us, of its besotted conceit and self-will! We had forgotten to what tasks it had found itself equal; what it had achieved in the political arena; what an appanage Northern wealth, education, and influence had become to it; how it had really acquired the feeling of being the natural lord of this continent, its princes, a superior race, with a divine right to rule; and how, in this intense and intoxicating madness, it had finally brought itself to the full determination, and to a not wholly crazy conviction of its chance of succeeding in the effort to rule this country completely and in the interest of Slavery, or, failing in that, to destroy the country and bury itself in its ruins! It is now clear that the leaders had this conviction; and, considering the past, in which politics had been their full life, while it had been only our pastime, held secondary to almost every thing else, to commerce, manufactures, education, pleasure, profit — it is not strange that they should have calculated that our bulky prosperity, our wealth, numbers, and resources constituted a lazy, careless, unorganized strength, without much political principle or patriotic earnestness about it, and that before it could be really aroused and animated with a common purpose, it might be routed and overwhelmed by their drilled and trained organization.

How near, at the very start, this fearful power, now so clearly rushing to its own ruin, was to accomplishing our destruction, God only knows, though our Government, I think, has a pretty lively sense of it. Our imminent danger was that the rebellion would succeed at once. After a year, it had no chance whatever; but in the first three months it was an even question; in the first six a probable danger; at the end of the first nine an anxious concern. Thank God, it has been since then only a question of how thoroughly intent the South was on ruining itself; and that, in my judgment, is the only alternative left it now — a more or less complete destruction.

But, I return to say, that the evil which Slavery had so deeply and fully wrought in that great limb of our National Body, where it had its seat, it had to a most disastrous degree wrought by sympathetic action, on the whole frame of the country. If you remember that for twenty-five years it had occupied at least half of all the legislation of the Federal Government, tinctured all its debates, controlled the division of parties, and been the chief subject of political drill and discussion; that State legislatures, and lyceums, and newspapers had rung with the theme; that the Constitution of the United States protected it, and, to calm its jealousies and fears, made the fugitive Slave-law binding on the political conscience of every good citizen; that every great public officer swore to sustain it as a part of the Government; that moderate and cautious men — valuing peace and order, contracts and good faith — felt themselves called upon to discountenance anti-slavery teachings which the generous instincts and moral sympathies of the more elevated and humane thoroughly went along with; that the immediate commercial and trading interests, and the manufacturing wealth of the North, were complicated beyond any possible disentanglement with the continuance of Slavery and enlisted in its support—while the educational and religious teachings were unconsciously, and the higher literature and poetry, the platform eloquence, the lyceum oratory of the North, all purposely struggling against it; that the great monetary institutions, the large capitalists, Wall street, and State street, South street, and Lowell, and Newark, and Paterson, and Pittsburgh — were apologists and upholders of it — with all the conservative instincts and interests of the North — with which inevitably go the colleges, the churches, the clergy — and with them the ethics, and the piety of the land — every thing but exceptional genius, or individual independence, or deep-hearted manly conviction, or simple-hearted womanly instinct — I say, when you consider all this steel-hardened process, you can not help seeing how tremendous, how unconscious, how thoroughly inwrought, inbred, fastened and fixed the influence which Slavery has had over the Northern mind, and heart, and will, and character. My own conviction is, that not a Northern man lives, whose character does not bear the mark of the Slave's manacle, either as a convict brand, or a martyr's cross; either in the distortion which his faculties have experienced in violent contention with it, or in the deformity of unnatural accommodation to it. It has created a class of persons — who may be considered embodied protests — with a monstrous development of conscience of this evil, crowding every

more delicate form of human sympathy — while in the mass of the people, it has more or less made moral consistency, political coherency, and even full intellectual sanity, quite impossible. I believe that this terrible disturbing influence has acted on the whole intellectual and moral life of the Nation, as an concealed mass of iron, near the binnacle in a wooden ship, acts on the compass — making its indications false and unreliable, while they are trusted to guide the vessel. There could be no natural and wholesome development of the moral life of this Nation, with this lie and wickedness consecrated and shrined in its political heart. The pulpit of the country, brave and free here and there, as courageous and commanding men chanced to occupy it, has been necessarily bound, not by fear or interest chiefly, but by modesty, doubt, and sympathy with the conservative class — the sober and prudent portion of the people. We have all been brought up at the knees of good men justifying our Constitution in its compromises. The saintly and the learned, the polished and the successful, the social lords and ladies of the land, have taught our rising youth, our young clergy, our teachers in schools, punctilious reverence for the Constitution and the Laws — reverence for its great defenders — and a corresponding contempt, or hatred, for the radicals who were imperilling the Union and the Constitution, by questioning any of its compromises. It was clearly impossible that our ethics, our piety, our literature, our social system, should not be corrupted with the virus in our lawful Constitution. I feel its hateful sap in my own blood. I can not be sure that it does not still corrupt my intellectual currents, disorder my heart, and glaze my vision. I hate it the more for some secret kindness for it still lurking in the tissues, where reverence for my teachers, gratitude to our fathers, and respect for law and order, mesh it in and forbid it wholly to escape. I fear that I shall find it rising up against me in the awful day of account — and that I shall never fully know the injury it has done me, till I see my image in the perfect mirror of the divine judgment!

It was this moral stupor, so deep we did not know it, producing a distaste for politics—a growing indifference to, or despair of republican institutions — a willingness to let bad men administer a government thus hopelessly bound in the cords of a terrible constitutional evil — which made us such an object of misgivings even to good men abroad;—which led the South to conceive of and think feasible our subjugation — which really paralyzed our faith and our efforts for the first year of this war, and which was made the instrument under God

of bringing us to the hopeful condition in which we now are. That condition is this — a state in which it is impossible for the South to draw back, or for the North and West to do any thing but go forward; — a condition certain, I think, to end in the utter disintegration of Southern society, Southern institutions, Southern slavery — an utter destruction of the political, social, and industrial existence of Slavery, securing for the first time in our Nation, a homogeneous people, policy, and law.

Nobody can say, that we, the North, sought this, or were even willing to have it come. "The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so." It did not seem possible. We were not up to it in our morals, our politics, our finances, our self-confidence. We aimed at the preservation of the Union and the Constitution, and the enforcement of the Laws. Those who would gladly have hoped for what has now come did not dare to do so. The people of the North were not supposed by any calm and careful mind to be at all ready to contemplate so radical a dealing with their difficulty. Most slowly and reluctantly did Congress contemplate a confiscation policy, an Emancipation act —or any course looking to extinction of the Slave power, or seizure of the constitutional rights alleged still to belong to Rebel States. We could none of us believe that the Rebels abjured these rights; that they did not still contemplate and desire reünion upon some terms — a little better for them perhaps, but not very much worse for us, than the old ones. And so we went on, calling out our forces in driblets, coining our paper-money by installments, and always ready for expected propositions of peace; — until by degrees, Providence seems to have committed the free powers and instincts of the American people, to a decisive and final conflict with the Slave power and its instincts — a conflict in which one must be left forever dead upon the field.

The *first* and perhaps most desperate tug in this struggle, was with the enemy here at home. That enemy it was, an old party sympathy with the South, honest as any mere party sympathy can be — and rooted in the debates and cries of numerous political campaigns crowned with victory, which the Government looked on with the greatest dismay, and to soothe and disarm which, it so long upheld its temporizing policy. The Government was sagacious; the policy was prudent. The signs all indicated it; and you remember, how the triumphs of a peace policy resounded in the elections of New-York, and the great Western States. It seemed for a few weeks

as if the nation were doomed to perish between the two fires of its open enemies and its false friends; to be crucified between two thieves—Slavery at the South and Party at the North! But thank God, party was instantly shocked at the ghastly image of its own success! The honest Democracy saw its real figure reflected in the Southern sky, and started back appalled at the treason, to which it was just ready to become accessory. The country was saved, when the brave, old, and trusted leaders of the Democracy—some firm from the start, but many turning about with still more effect in the mid-current of our threatening ruin, beckoned off the masses ready to throw themselves into the Southern scale, with the saving cry: "Ye know not what ye do."

The *second* tug was in the army itself. There, too, the bone and sinew remembered the old party cries, and had a contempt and hatred for the negro which made even the slightest concession that Slavery was the real cause of the war, and its extirpation any object of our arms, a dangerous thing to allow—nay, a truth which it seemed necessary to conceal under any amount of self-deception at the centre. Leaders without radical sympathy with freedom must be kept at the head of our troops, East and West! The slave must be driven out of the camps with the bayonet, and handed over to his master. He might possibly now and then be permitted to take the spade, but never the musket. So deep-rooted and so disgusting was the hatred of the negro, among the rougher and coarser of our population—so greedy the desire of the lower class of foreigners to have a lower deep down which to look—so utterly brutal the partisan feeling of hatred which portions of our Northern press had encouraged toward the slave, that I confess I despaired at seeing this venomous animosity even begin to disappear in my day and generation. And I am confident there was very little hope of it on the part of our rulers. Yet it has begun to soften, nay, it has rapidly dissolved, and it is swiftly melting away—and this, in the best possible way—under actual contact with the slave in the Southern trench, and on the ships and wharves, and battle-fields of the South. Our armies, the rank and file, have met this black brute—so ignorant, stupid, lazy, and useless. They have found him about as intelligent as many of their own comrades, and more muscular and industrious, more useful, and as kind and companionable. They see him toiling for money at the wharves of Acquia Creek, Newbern, and Port Royal, Nashville, Memphis, and New-Orleans, with a constancy, sobriety, patience, and utility, which interrupt and confound all their previous notions. They have found him

with a heart, a conscience, a will—in short, a humanity like their own. They see that he is the strength of the rebellion; that one negro in the field of corn keeps two rebels in the field of battle, and that every stroke of the spade, is a stroke of the sabre and a thrust from the bayonet in its transposed value. They see that the only loyal men in the South are black men; the only men from whom credible information is to be had, the only friends the soldiers has, the negroes. They appreciate for the first time: 1. The wrong and inhumanity of Slavery—in thus seeing its objects; 2. The military value of the slave, as a rebel antagonist; 3. His importance as a loyal ally. And they drop their prejudices and fall back on their humane feelings and their military and personal instincts of self-preservation. The army, therefore, is certainly becoming slowly and surely—nay, rather surely and rapidly, Abolitionist, not merely in its technical, but in its more real and practical sense. The period of suspense on this point is passed—the army has itself settled the question of Northern feeling on this subject. It has adopted the Emancipation policy of the Government; *only more so.* And it is this army, more intensely anti-slavery, as it gets further South, which, by its multitudinous letters, by its protests against a timid, anti-negro policy, and by its indignant remonstrances at any half measures at home—has helped settle the press and the pulpit and the people of the loyal States in a radical anti-slavery policy, as the only military, the only politic, the only moral, the only economic policy to be pursued.

The only remaining tug in this struggle—and I think we may almost flatter ourselves that is now on the very verge of a successful throw—is not a few smart victories, although we doubtless need one greatly on the Rappahannock, but a deliberate, sober, general willingness on the part of our loyal people, to throw the element of time utterly out of their thoughts and calculations, and make the first article of their creed this—"War, till we have final and complete success!" The question for loyal men, is not *when*, but only *how* the war is to end, and they have no question that the war is to end, only when the Rebellion stops, be it one year, five years, or our natural lives. There is in truth nothing else left, and to this we must come at last. The ship of state is at sea, and the Nation with all its treasure and all its people is in her hold. She is upon the red sea of a bloody civil war. Her port is a victorious peace. This peace she can not make but must win. It is not for her to calculate how many days, or months, or years, she will struggle with the waves, before she gives up her post and returns to her old moorings. There is no return. It is as if

the shore she left were sunk. Disgraced and baffled, her flag must turn to a dishonored rag, which pirates themselves would spit upon, did she abandon her voyage. No, steady at her helm, and trimming her sails to storm and fog, sounding in the shallows, feeling through the ice, catching every breeze, and tacking against every wind, she has only to press on, making such headway as she can, but never for one instant abandoning her predestined haven, till at last she anchors, shattered and torn, it may be, with any loss of treasure, with any hardship to her crew, on short rations or full as it shall prove, but at her lawful and her chosen port, and with her own sacred flag at the peak.

The moment the people have calmly and with a sober sense of the necessity of the case, abandoned any idea but this, we shall have removed the only serious obstacle to a speedy success. While there is any uncertainty of feeling on this point—any hankering for a peace of compromise and concession, we shall have a war protracted by indecision, debate, division—more expensive, more dangerous, and more bloody—without the least chance of the base peace that is so meanly desired, but also without any chance of the victorious peace that is the sole possible termination of our struggle. Let us be but as one man in our solemn determination to succeed at all hazards and at any cost, and we shall have unity, energy, economy, decision, in all our councils, and swiftness and certainty in our success. And this feeling I verily believe is already nearly assured. The most gratifying and encouraging aspect in our affairs has been the courage, constancy, and cheerfulness of our people, during a long period of slight apparent success. The Nation has begun to lean upon its own purpose; to find support in its own heart and conscience; to be guided by its faith and resolution, and so, to take its daily food, whether in the bitter herbs of delay and failure, or in the manna and quails of progress and success, with equanimity and resolve. Dark and stormy days may be in store for us, but they will not be remembered in the mighty joy of our final victory. That triumph is as sure as the harvest that never fails. It is a mere sum in arithmetic. It does not even depend upon victories. Our enemy loses strength by every success, as much as by every defeat. Eight millions of people may gain a victory every month against twenty millions, and if the twenty millions are merely constant to their purpose, a few years ruins and exterminates the foe in the midst of his successes, by sheer exhaustion of men and resources. Thus the loyal cause is steadily victorious, even when baffled and beaten in detail. To wait is to conquer. The longer our forces are in the field,

the more obstinately they are resisted, the larger the force we are compelled to bring to the war, the more completely we are driven to overrun every acre of the enemy's area — the more thoroughly and completely do we disintegrate his country, saturate his barbarous civilization with ours, carry our customs, our people, our temper, and our industry into his territory, and take moral possession of his soil. His stout resistance, successful skirmishes, do but familiarize us the more with him and him with us. I can not even regret that his stubborness is continued — for if he bent before our blast, we should have passed over him with less effect. The war is by its duration, and its thoroughness preparing the South to make a possible part of a free country. You can not plough the yielding sand nor plant it; but the tough marl may be broken up, spite of all resistance, if only oxen enough are put to the yoke! We have oxen enough, and by the grace of God, we mean to plough the Southern cotton-fields with the heifers of freedom and sow it with Northern wheat. War is the only culture our Southern waste admits of. By no other tillage can it be added to the area of cultivated American civilization. And by no discipline, short of that which is suffered by the North, in its costly sacrifices of blood and treasure, and in its loss of noble youth, could it expiate its own errors and sins, and recover tone and temper, faith in its primitive ideas, and the earnestness and dignity of its original love of liberty, truth, and humanity.

In every way, then, the war is our medicine; bleeding us of our moral and political malady, in the free States, while purifying the Southern area by the fire and sword Rebellion continues to invite.

Let us go on then in solemn earnestness! in sacred vigor and stern virtue! How long, O Lord! how long? and God answers, as long as rebellion and resistance to lawful authority may last. It can not be very long, if we are willing to have it as long as God lists. All the signs indicate rapid sinking in the enemy's resources. His warriors are all gathered and can not be increased. His food is becoming scarce. His allies are deserting him abroad. His iron and salt and steel are failing him. His locomotives are wearing out, and he can not renew them. His few gunboats and ships of war are every day falling into our hands. It needs no prophet to foretell that another year will bring famine and pestilence into his ranks, and to his hapless homes. His slaves are welcomed to our lines, and are now in thousands working in our trenches, and forming into our regiments upon their native soil. Two years have taught us the art of war, and our system is acquiring order and completeness. We are strong in credit

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 012 028 291 8

and easy in finances. Our resources have proved tenfold greater than our fears or hopes. We have not put forth a quarter of our strength. Our armies are the healthiest the world ever saw. Our hospitals the best, our commissariat of unequaled abundance; our affairs now accommodated perfectly and with consummate ease to ourselves, to an indefinite state of war. Still prosperous, still industrious, still uninvaded; when was a people after two years of such costly preparation and such large outlay of men and means, in a condition of such solid vigor? not a dollar of foreign capital borrowed, not an ounce of food imported. Meanwhile, the enemy is crumbling into ruin. His territory is devastated, so that a hundred years of peace could not in his hands, restore the forests, the gardens, the roads, levees, and plantations, he has recklessly given over to the iron hoof of invasion! I have seen the ruin he has invoked, and he has only to continue to invite it a little longer, to make all his cities places for bats and owls, and his fields, a universal wilderness!

Oh! that he would repent and stay the mighty hand of God's wrath that is swiftly sweeping him out of the way of the liberty, the light and the love he has dared to oppose!

As for us, it becomes us to pray with all earnestness, that the Almighty goodness may not break the instruments with which he achieves the retribution due to a slaveholding rebellion, because they did not meanwhile repent of their own sins and short-comings! We ought to feel this war, and the meaning of it, and our complicity in it far more deeply and seriously than we do. And it will continue till we feel it to be God's work and our chastisement, as well as that of our enemies. We must be thinking in all humility and shame, of our own blood-guiltiness in our national sins; especially of our worldliness and materialism; our devotion to pelf; our shallow and superficial piety; our elevation of base men to place and power; our want of fidelity to man and God, to principles, and honor, and truth. If we do not straightway begin our repentance, by a stricter attention to our political duties, giving every vote we cast in the fear of Almighty God, holding our possessions as stewards of the Lord, consecrating our bodies to temperance and our souls to Christ, we may, after having exterminated our enemies, find some new vial of divine wrath prepared by Almighty justice for our hardness of heart! May Heavenly Mercy avert such a terrible necessity, by bringing us to instant, thorough, and universal repentance and reformation!

W 60

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 012 028 291 8